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SELF-DENIERS.

It can scarcely be regarded as otherwise than unlucky, that, while one half of the world are self-indulgent overmuch, the other half are self-denying to a degree almost equally reprehensible. Some know no restriction upon the gratifications which they are to allow to themselves; with others it is only to themselves that they are severe or illiberal. Generally a spirit of excessive self-denial is the effect of early habits of economy and application, which were appropriate and laudable at the time when they were formed. Unfortunately men cannot always readily adapt their modes of life to changed circumstances: the law of habit forbids such rapid transformations. Hence it is that we so often see them exhibiting, in wealth and ease, the rigidly parsimonious life proper to a state of humble struggle, and transferring to a fine mansion the maxims which are suitable only in a cottage. And hence also it is that wealth so often passes unenjoyed from the hands of those who have earned it, into the possession of others who will know it only in its expenditure, as if making and spending were things incompatible.

It would be startling to many who have fulfilled, or humbly and earnestly endeavoured to fulfil, all the great duties of life, to be told that they have omitted and never thought of one great duty—the duty towards themselves. But this, strange as the avowment may appear, is a duty as much neglected as perhaps any other. There is no peculiarity of human character more conspicuous than the inability to allow one's self the least relaxation from customary tasks, or the slightest addition to ordinary comforts. Amongst the respectable portions of society, persons are every day met with who exhibit this character in all shades of intensity, from the downright miser, to him who, with a competency secure, fears that all will go to wreck if he allows a headache to detain him in bed a minute beyond his customary time. Generally founded as it has been upon generous and conscientious principle, and as generally unattended by any shade of an exacting spirit towards others, it is impossible, nevertheless, to view such a failing without some degree of the ridicule which is due to all absurdities. But ridicule is not alone due to it, for it is often attended with such consequences as to become liable to serious censure.

The almost unavoidable effect of the predominance of one decided self-denier in a domestic circle is to make the rest careless and over-easy. A mother, for example, who is of this disposition, is extremely apt to monopolise all the duties of housekeeping, to the exclusion of her daughters, who accordingly grow up ignorant of, and inexperienced in, those very accomplishments which the matron deems the most essential to female excellence. A father professedly rears a son to

assist him in his business; but being one of those anxious self-devoted beings who find no peace unless when everything is done by themselves, he cannot fully intrust any of his duties to the youth, who consequently not being called upon to exercise the full powers of his mind, and never having the stimulus arising from responsibility, grows up a sort of waste being, becomes negligent and self-indulgent, or, if possessed of irrepressible activity, devotes it to some frivolous pursuit. I have seen several young men thus all but lost, not because they were intentionally bad, but because their parents were in the opposite extreme. A man often thinks that no one can do well or think well but himself, and the consequence of such overweening self-conceit is, that it leaves him to do and think for all—his servants and children becoming unavoidably the idlers which he assumes them to be.

While a self-denier may be able to endure all the supererogatory duties and severe privations which he chooses to impose upon himself, his character is not for this reason sure to remain unaffected. Often this habit of doing what others should do, leads to a pride in ourselves and contempt for our fellow-creatures, which are alike ungraceful. Often does the temper imperceptibly become sour and irritable for want of enjoyments which we might innocently have. It is easy, speaking comparatively, to suffer unflinchingly when we have self-gratulations to support us; but it is not so easy to continue cheerful, confiding, and amiable, amidst a life which gives toil without relaxation, and partakes of no enjoyments. The effort may be made—human nature may struggle with its inclinations, and these may be to appearance got the better of; but still the fact remains, that we have all of us faculties desiring exercise, and tastes craving gratification, and these are not to be continually disappointed of their appropriate objects, or at least they cannot all be repressed and set by, without our whole nature suffering some deterioration. A cheerless life unavoidably takes the sweet principle from our composition; and when we do not, or will not enjoy, we never see others do so with any degree of good-will. Thus it is that the spirit of self-denial, which in some circumstances is so great a merit, shows itself in others as only a blight to domestic peace, and a source of far-spreading vexation and trouble. Thus it is that men of the greatest excellence in some respects do occasionally become known to their fellow-creatures, and particularly to the sharers of their homes, as only objects of terror and antipathy. The most exact rectitude, the most laborious exertions for a dependent family, and even a respectable share of practical benevolence, will fail to secure esteem when accompanied by that severity of spirit which so often takes its rise in a system of self-denial, protracted till it has become a fixed habit exclusive of all the milder

feelings. A person who has carried self-denial to this excess, may be said to have transformed a virtue into a vice, and made himself detestable by the very means which he originally adopted to obtain a good name.

While it is good, then, to practise self-denial—while this stands as an essential to all virtue, and in itself a great one—while we worship it, as is right, as the source of many of the greatest of acts called heroic, and the principle which carries men above the condition of savages, since it is what places them above being always on the borders of want—let us also be on our guard against carrying it to excess. Let us endeavour to secure its beneficial fruits, but avoid the evils which it is also capable of producing. Man is a being of wants: he cannot have all of these systematically denied without suffering therefrom. He must not self-deny over-much, as otherwise he is sure to produce more harm, to others as well as to himself, than good to either. He must here, in short, be restrained by a regard to that moderation in which all virtue consists. He must not allow good intentions to hurry him so far away from a common class of failings as to run into an opposite and equally vicious extreme.

The philosophy here inculcated may serve in some cases to suggest a means of banishing domestic unhappiness. It must often happen that the growing bad temper complained of in an important member of a family, has no other source than a too constant self-denial of innocent enjoyments, or a too close application to duties which, while not much liked, or absolutely hated, are yet unremurmuringly submitted to. With such a key as to the cause of this affection, it may sometimes be found possible to remove it. Such persons should be, as far as possible, tempted into innocent pleasures, and induced to relax in their excessive application. By the very act of sharing in the pleasures which their fellow-creatures enjoy, they will learn to sympathise with those fellow-creatures, and will become better men, because kinder and more yielding, by doing many things which almost appear frivolous, or indulging in what would at another time appear to them as culpable idleness. If they can by and by get into a habit of allowing themselves to be human, they will become a source of happiness to all around them, and their conversion may be considered as completed.

THE CROSS OF SANTA ROSALIA.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

IN no place which came under my notice during my days of American travel, have I retained a more vivid interest than in the Mexican village of Santa Rosalia, and yet I came only within a few hundred miles of it. My connexion with the navy of the republic of Texas rendered crossing the frontier matter of serious difficulty and danger. At Corpus Christi, however, in the society of Mexican and American smugglers, of casual trading parties, and in the other towns of Texas, some wholly peopled by this mixed Indian and Spanish race, I acquired considerable knowledge of their manners, habits, and modes of life. I was personally acquainted, too, with some of the individuals who composed the disastrous Santa Fé Expedition, and from them I largely increased my stock of information. One evening, when wind and weather bound at Corpus Christi, our schooner tossing angrily on the bay, and ourselves snugly ensconced in the mud cabin of Old Doherty, roasting ducks on our ramrods, and smoking the delectable weed through corn cob pipes, I induced a young Irish officer to favour us with a narration, of which I took ample notes at the time, and which I now carefully transcribe, merely drawing upon my own resources for language, because I cannot hope to imitate his rich dialect, but preserving the facts and mode of narration.

I believe you are all aware that the Mexican women are, in extreme youth, superlatively beautiful. Dark, even

sometimes swarthy, there is still about them a tenderness, a liquid melting of the large and eloquent eye, a rosy tinge in the cheek, a glossy blackness of the hair, which, combined, produces a whole of great loveliness. Indeed, though most Englishmen prefer the northern style of beauty, yet were you to see some of the exquisite, innocent girlish creatures which adorn a Mexican fandango, they could never be effaced from your memory. The Texan prisoners,* composing Colonel Cooke's division, were halted a whole day at St Rosalia, and I being of this party, and on parole, employed my leisure in strolling about the neighbourhood. The village itself, with its miserable huts and indolent population, afforded no temptation for any one to remain in it, and I accordingly followed my own fancy. A walk of about half a mile brought me to a small wooded dell, beside which was a little plain, which I at once recognised as the scene of many a murder and savage deed of blood. No country is more infested with robbers and brigands than is the republic of Mexico at the present day: the constant revolutions which occur, let loose upon society a vast horde of marauders, who gain their living by rapine, seldom unaccompanied with murder. Cowards always have a leaning to assassination; and the same gang which would fly before one well-armed Englishman, have no hesitation in putting to a cruel death such of their own countrymen as they may fall in with, whom they then rifle and abandon on the wayside. Whenever a man meets with this tragic fate, his friends erect a cross on the spot, frequently cutting the name of the murdered person on the wood, with his age, the time of his death, and his occupation. They also cast around the foot a heap of small stones, one being added on each occasion when a prayer is said for his soul: the number of the departed's friends, and their great or little solicitude for his welfare, are thus easily ascertained. On all roads throughout the land, numbers of these rude wooden crosses are met on every day's journey; and of the Barranca Secca, a noted haunt of these *ladrones*, Brantz Meyer thus speaks:—"The quarter of a mile through which the ravine extended was literally lined with crosses, marking the spot of some murder or violent death. These four or five hundred *mementos mori* seemed to convert it into a perfect grave-yard."†

It was the sight of some half dozen of these signs which satisfied me that I had fallen on evil ground; but, despite the associations brought up in my mind, I speedily fixed my attention on one feature of the scene. In a corner of the field of blood was a cross of more careful workmanship than the rest, placed, too, at the head of a grave, and surrounded by a little bed of flowers carefully railed in and protected from the incursions of cattle. Crouching down at the foot of the cross, in so close contact with the earthen mound as to be at first scarcely distinguishable, was a female, motionless, and seemingly in the act of prayer. Perceiving that she paid no attention to my presence, I advanced nearest, curious to know what could bring a woman to this spot thus alone and unprotected. I was within five yards of the spot ere she moved; then slowly rising, and fixing her eyes inquiringly and reproachfully upon me, she turned towards the village. Never had I seen anything so ethereally beautiful as that face. About sixteen, her form was wrapped only in a coarse petticoat and chemise; but Phidias or Praxiteles never limned anything so faultless and exquisite. Her bare ankles, her tiny feet, were perfect models for a sculptor; and her face, as pale as a cheek of the purest and richest olive could become, was—oh, how beautiful! Her full, dark, and lustrous eyes, beneath their silken lashes and penciled brow, looked out upon the world as if she had no communion with it. The expression was sad, weary, and woe-begone. I saw at once a tale of love, of misery, and

* For an account of the Santa Fé Expedition, see the Journal, No. 22, new series.

† Mexico as It Was, and as It Is.

disappointment; and when the fair apparition had disappeared, I turned towards the cross. It told nothing.

It would occupy far too much of your time to detail how and by what means I succeeded in unravelling the mystery of that scene. I did so, however, and now give you, my friends, the benefit of what has made a deep and lasting impression upon me. Maria Guerra was the only daughter of Hezoos Guerra, the owner of a small portion of land near the village of Santa Rosalia, and the keeper of the apology for an inn which adorned that locality. From extreme youth she had been remarked for her singular beauty, and it was universally prophesied that she would, when arrived at a proper age, be elevated to the dignity of some great man's wife, and be thus transferred from the village to the capital. Maria, however, was not ambitious. She tended her father's hut, drew water from the well, irrigated his pumpkins, and laughed at the flatteries of the young sparks of the neighbourhood. When she had reached the age of fifteen, without even having an accepted lover, it was looked upon as something quite remarkable in a country where women are often mothers two years earlier. Maria, however, took no note of time, but sang and danced at the village fandangos, and chirruped in the open air, like any other bird of song, and was a very child in all her actions. There is for every one a time, and poor Maria's was soon to come.

Early one morning she stood by the village well-side, her left arm leaning upon a mud-wall close at hand, and her other hand clasping the bucket which she had just filled. Her beautifully curved and half-open lips disclosed teeth of dazzling and pearly whiteness, her eyes were cast upon the ground, when the sound of a horse's footsteps sounded near, and raising her head, she beheld a cavalier approaching. The rider was one of the arrieros (carriers of valuables, jewels, money, &c.), in their usual picturesque costume: a broad-brimmed steep-crowned *sombrero*, covered with oil-skin, shaded his brow; his body was cased in a short leathern jacket, fancifully embossed with painted nails, like the old buff coats of the feudal soldiery; while his leathern trousers, with rows of buttons at the seam, prevented the chafing of the saddle, and leggings guarded his feet and ankles. In front of him were the *arnas de agua*, or large skin cut in two parts, the ends of which on one side were fastened to the saddle-bow, the other two being tied behind him, so that his legs were entirely free from rain; before this were fastened his pistols; while by his side hung his

"Toledo trusty,
That for want of fighting had grown rusty."

From the peak of his curious saddle hung his *lasso*, a long running noose wherewith to catch his horse in the morning, and behind was strapped the *serape*, or blanket-coat, with a slit in the middle, through which on occasion the head was passed.*

When I inform you that the arriero was young and handsome, it will be less surprise you that Maria blushed, and looked pleased, when the horseman demanded, in the politest manner of a man who had seen the world, a drink of water for his steed. The maiden cheerfully complied; and ere the task was executed, they were friends. The young man had, it seemed, suddenly discovered something wrong about the harness of his horse, which absolutely required his dismounting to remedy it; and though, when on his feet, even with the assistance of Maria, he could not find out the defect, yet he vowed he was glad to be able to stretch his legs after a long ride. Maria suggested his adjourning to her father's inn, though nothing could be farther from her wishes; and the young man, as if divining her secret thoughts, declined the proffered hospitality. Close to the well was a grassy bank, shadowed by the broad-leaved plantain, and the thready

pride of China, the "feathery palm," so as to form, with lacing vines and creeping plants, a perfect bower, impenetrable to the rays of the sun. Could these two young people have had the courage to be frank, both would have said, "Let us hie yonder; let us sit down; and speaking and listening, let us learn by mutual conversation if, on better acquaintance, we like one another as well as we now do, judging only from outward appearance." But could we be thus methodical in all things, much of the illusion of life would be gone. The young arriero, therefore, hesitated lest he should be thought too bold, while Maria seized her bucket, as if about to lead the way to the village.

"It was already warm," the arriero observed, casting a sidelong glance at the shady bower, and fastening his horse to one of the well-posts.

"It was very warm!" Maria quite agreed with him on that point; and if the caballero would like to rest a few minutes, she would walk slow enough to be easily overtaken.

Josef cleared his throat once or twice, and then ventured to remark that the walk would be more pleasant together; "and," he added, "I am sure I shall not find my way myself to your father's inn, where I must stop to-day and to-night, for my horse is quite lame, and I am too fatigued to advance without rest."

Now Maria knew that the road to her father's door was as straight as a line, that the horse looked fresh and hale, while that the cavalier could ride at that moment fifty miles, was self-evident; and had she been a coquette, she would have raised one of these objections. As it was, she laughed, laid down her picher, and saying, "I see, signor, you are in a gossiping humour, or have had some terrible adventure, and want to tell it, so I will please you," led the way to the bank. Had there been within twenty miles of that spot a clock, watch, or other noter of time, its longer hand would have fairly turned round thrice from twelve to twelve again ere they thought of rising. Young, without care, seeing in each other the very beau ideal of the opposite sex, these hours were the happiest of their lives. Josef told of his travels, of his visits to the capital, of wondrous things the maiden had never dreamt of, sang the last song which was popular in the city of Mexico, and declared his companion to be the most beautiful creature that had ever crossed his eyes in all his rambles. Maria almost looked as if she thought him the handsomest youth that ever bestrode a steed, and in her innocent girlish way soon let him see that her heart was unshackled, a discovery which appeared to give the arriero great satisfaction. He in return told her frankly that he was without a sweetheart; and ere they rose from that bank, true to the impetuous Mexican character, they had mutually vowed eternal love and fidelity. No sooner did Josef induce Maria to whisper "yes," than his ecstasy knew no bounds; he leaped from the bank, drew his horse to him, mounted, and, despite her cries and laughter, placed the blushing girl before him, and spurring his steed, dashed furiously across the space which separated him from the village inn.

Old Guerra, who had been wondering at his daughter's absence, was more surprised at the mode of her return than at the delay; but as he instantly recognised Josef as the son of one of the richest arrieros on the road, his surprise was not unmingled with pleasure. Josef explained the circumstances of his meeting with the daughter; and, amid sundry smiles and shakes of the head, gave a complete history of the morning's adventures, despite the blushes of Maria. He was careful not to leave out that great stroke of generalship, the lame horse, at which Hezoos Guerra laughed until the tears rolled down his bronze cheeks; and when he heard their romantic betrothment detailed, at once sanctioned it, with the exceptional clause of six months' probation. Josef appeared not exactly to understand this part of the compact; but as Maria seemed to think her father quite correct, he was fain to submit; old Guerra, however, could not help thinking

* On all things relative to Mexican costume and manners, consult 'Meyer's Mexico,' a most useful and agreeable work.

with a very bad grace. The father in an ordinary case had been right, but the lover's impetuosity in this instance had been wisdom.

Six months, therefore, were to be passed, and Josef determined to spend the time as profitably as possible, following his avocation as an arriero, with the intention of entering into some business in one of the populous cities on the occasion of his marriage. His journeys, however, were very much shortened, and he usually contrived to pass once a-week through Santa Rosalia, where Maria always received him with a joyous smile, and bade him adieu in tears. Week after week passed, and the time of their union drew nigh; Maria advanced into full and blooming womanhood, and Josef vowed that each visit gave him the opportunity of discovering some new grace. At length ten days only were wanting of the time: Josef arrived in the village loaded with presents, among which a handsome *rebozo* or shawl was most remarkable, and intimated that one important journey would end his career as an arriero. Maria heard this with joy, and bidding him not forget the wedding-day, allowed him to depart. The arriero or carrier in Mexico is often intrusted with sums of great magnitude. In a country without banks, without roads, without accommodation for the better kind of travellers, this is necessary, and never is the trust repented, as far as the men themselves are concerned. "Often ill-looking and ill-clad," Meyer says, "I have never been more struck with the folly of judging of men by mere dress and physiognomy, than in looking at the arrieros. A man with wild and fierce eyes, tangled hair, slashed trousers, and well-greased jerkin, that has breasted many a storm—a person, in fact, to whom you would scarcely trust an old coat when sending it to your tailor for repairs—is frequently in Mexico the guardian of the fortunes of the wealthiest men for months, on toilsome journeys among the mountains and defiles of the inner land. He has a multitude of dangers and difficulties to contend with; he overcomes them all—is scarcely ever robbed—never robs; and at the appointed day comes to your door with a respectful salutation, and tells you that your wares or monies have passed the city gates. Yet this person is often poor, bondless, and unsecured, with nothing but his fair name and unbroken word. When you ask him if you may rely on his people, he will return your look with a surprised glance, and striking his breast, and nodding his head with a proud contempt that his honour should be questioned, exclaim, 'Soy José María, senor, por veinte annos, arriero de México—todo el mundo me conoce.'"

Josef, whose reputation, though not quite so widespread as that of his friend, was still very great, had, a few days before his parting with Maria, been summoned to the hacienda or plantation of a rich proprietor, thence to bear the sum of six thousand dollars in silver and gold to a creditor of Don Rafael de Gama, the lord of the estate. Proud of the faith put in him, Josef had mentioned the fact at Santa Rosalia, and as the money was to be borne to the city of Mexico, intimated his intention of passing through the village on a certain day, and being married, and proceeding on his journey with his bride. The two brothers of Maria quizzed him somewhat on his impatience for the union, and there the matter dropped. Maria awaited the day with calmness—her pure and innocent soul little imagined the fearful tragedy which was about to be enacted.

On the eighth day the young Guerras disappeared with several other young men in the village, intimating their intention of being back in time for the wedding. Maria shook her head, and vowed she would never forgive them if they were absent from her nuptials, and then suffered them to depart. The ninth day came, and Maria was only a little paler than usual; the tenth, and she rose to keep a promise to her lover. On the high road near the dell which I have mentioned, there is

a little hill, on the top of which, beneath a shady grove, Maria was used to meet her Josef on his return from his journeys. A long line of road could be seen from the spot, to the right of which was the field of blood. Maria did not wait long ere, far on the plain, she saw a horseman hurrying rapidly towards her, leading a second by the bridle. She felt it was Josef, and seating herself on a grassy bank, awaited his arrival, herself entirely concealed from view. Each moment brought the impatient rider nearer, and soon she could distinguish, first, the valuable packet on the led horse, then the gladsome features of her lover, who in five minutes more would be at her feet. Suddenly, when within two hundred yards of the spot, he reined in his steed violently, jerked the led horse forward, gave it a smart lash, and away came the faithful animal at a hard gallop in the direction of the village. With loud execrations a party of men disguised, and with their faces blackened and disfigured, rushed upon the arriero, with vows if he did not recall the retreating beast, to put him to death. Maria saw no more; she had recognised two of the robbers; all she could tell was that pistols were fired, that swords were clashed, that two horrid shrieks re-echoed around, and then Josef was at her feet.

"Mind not, mind not, my dearest," cried he; "I could not help it; it was in self-defence; and two have paid dearly for their villany."

"Which two, Josef?" said Maria with a calm smile, which ended, however, in a look so ghastly, that the arriero started back in affright. "Come, let us see; it cannot be; I must dream," and, supported by her lover, the poor girl hurried to the scene of the struggle. The two men whom Josef had shot were those who had planned the robbery, who were foremost in the attack—the young Guerras.

Neither spoke, but when the arriero placed his beloved mistress on the horse before him, she was senseless. How sad, how changed since that happy day when, smiling and merry, she had struggled for freedom on that same steed's neck! They reached the inn. Josef told the tale: all, even the priest, absolved him, and vowed that as he had but acted in self-defence, no blame could attach to him. But Maria was inexorable. She would never marry, but devote the remainder of her days to praying for the soul of her erring kindred; she pressed Josef's hand kindly, told him that she, too, absolved him, but there was now no happiness in the world for her. She could see him, talk to him of old days, but wed the man who, however unwittingly, had slain her brethren, was more than she could have courage to go through with. Josef was awe-stricken, and his lips refused their office when he would have remonstrated with her; and then, with scarcely a farewell, he sped furiously on his way. Who can tell the thoughts of that miserable man? Blood upon his hand, his fondest hope dashed to the ground in one moment, he felt sure he should turn out a villain; and often afterwards he would describe the sensation of recklessness which gradually came over him.

Meanwhile the Guerras were buried, and the father alongside them, dead of horror and disappointment; while poor Maria constituted herself the guardian of their grave, and the earnest mediator with Heaven for those whose wretched avarice had brought desolation and misery on so many. It was thus I saw her where the greater part of her time was spent, and doubtless the poor thing is each day at the foot of the cross still.

Since my return to England, I have often heard from my friend, who is now settled in the city of Mexico, and it is a paragraph in a late letter of his that has tempted me to tell this story. "Had I not married, I should say I had lost all faith in romance; but Benedicts have no business with romance. But will you credit it? Josef, on his arrival in Mexico city, retired home, and after some months, sickened, so badly indeed, as to cause his father and mother to give up all hope of his recovery. While in this state, his mother, with that maternal piety which is, I believe, peculiar to our

* I am Jose Maria, sir, an arriero of Mexico for twenty years—all the world knows me.

country, made a pilgrimage to Santa Rosalia, bearing with her the bishop's formal absolution for her son's offence. That her task was difficult, can be best judged from the fact, that she was daily, during a whole month, at the cross of Santa Rosalia. At length, however, the picture of her dying lover, and, more than all, the absolution of the prelate, of sufficient power in the people's eyes, in a superstitious semi-Catholic country like Mexico, to efface the deadliest sin, had its weight, and Maria departed with the worthy old lady. Though grave beyond her years, and with a settled sadness on her brow, she is now to a certain degree happy. Time, absence from the dread scene, and a fond husband, have all had their influence, and I am sorry to say there is now no one to tend the cross of Santa Rosalia.

SAUNTERINGS AMONG THE ENGLISH LAKES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE English lake district comprises a portion of the three counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire. The picturesque beauties of its scenery are probably unequalled in any other part of England. It presents attractions no less interesting to the antiquary, in the remains of the abbeys of Furness, Calder, and Shap, of the feudal fortresses of Penrith, Brougham, and Dacre, and of several Roman stations and Druidical erections; while the many rare plants with which it abounds, and its rich variety of stratified and unstratified rocks, furnish abundant matter for employment to the student of nature. 'We penetrate the glacier,' says Cumberland, 'and traverse the Rhone and the Rhine, while our domestic lakes of Ulleswater, Keswick, and Windermere, exhibit scenes in so sublime a style, with such beautiful colourings of rock, wood, and water, backed with so stupendous a disposition of mountains, that if they do not fairly take the lead of all the views of Europe, yet they are indisputably such as no English traveller should leave behind him.' The lake district is, moreover, the spot with which Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Wilson, and others of our great modern poets have been intimately connected, and from which many of their finest poems have emanated. A visit to such a locality is calculated to confer no common pleasure, and we purpose laying before our readers some of the fruits of a few weeks' sojourn in the midst of its beauties.

Approaching the district from the north, we enter it at the ancient market town of Penrith, seated at the foot of an eminence near the southern verge of the county of Cumberland. When the northern part of the country was parcelled out among the followers of William the Conqueror, the district in which Penrith is situated was 'a goodly great forest full of woods, red-deer, and fallow-deer, wild swine, all manner of wild beasts, called the forest of Ingledwood'; but like many other ancient forests in this country, it now retains no other trace of what it once was, except the name. Penrith is a neat clean town, containing but little worthy of notice. To the west of it are the ruins of its ancient castle, which was dismantled by the parliamentary party during the great civil war. In the churchyard is a singular monument of antiquity, consisting of two huge stone pillars covered with what are supposed to be Runic carvings. The neighbourhood of Penrith abounds in interesting objects, at the head of which stands Brougham Castle, occupying a striking situation near the junction of the rivers Eamont and Lowther. This celebrated fortress, now in ruins, was for many generations the property of 'the stout Lord Cliffords that did fight in France,' whose wild adventures, loves, and wars, occupy so conspicuous a place in our annals. In 1617 the Earl of Cumberland feasted James I. in Brougham Castle on his return from Scot-

land; of which entertainment, which was of a magnificent description, there is a curious memorial still in existence—a folio volume, printed in 1618, entitled 'The Ayres that were sung and played at Brougham Castle, in Westmerland, in the King's Entertainment given by the Right Honourable the Earl of Cumberland and his Right Noble Sonne the Lord Clifforde, composed by Mr George Mason and Mr John Earsden.* The Countess's Pillar is a short distance beyond Brougham Castle: it was erected in 1656 by the famous Lady Anne Clifford; 'a memorial,' as the inscription says, 'of her last parting at that place with her good and pious mother—in memory whereof she has left an annuity of L.4 to be distributed to the poor within the parish of Brougham every second day of April for ever upon the stone hereby. *Laus Deo.*' This interesting memorial of affection has been illustrated by no fewer than three of our great poets—Rogers, Wordsworth, and Mrs Hemans—the first of whom has referred to it in these lines:—

'Hast thou through Eden's wild wood valleys pursued
Each mountain scene magnificently rude,
Nor with attention's lifted eye revered
That modest stone by pious Pembroke reared,
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour.'

Brougham Hall, an old and picturesque building, the patrimonial mansion of a man who has occupied a large space in public attention during our age, stands on an eminence not far from the ruins of Brougham Castle, commanding extensive views of the surrounding country, and, from its situation and beautiful prospects, termed 'the Windsor of the North.' At a short distance, in a field on the right of the road, is King Arthur's Round Table—

'Red Penrith's Table Round,
For feats of chivalry renowned'—

a curious circular intrenchment, about one hundred and sixty paces in circumference, with two approaches directly opposite to each other. As the ditch is on the inner side, it could not be intended for the purpose of defence, and it has reasonably been conjectured that the enclosure was designed for the exercise of the feats of chivalry, and the embankment around for the convenience of the spectators. Besides its traditional importance, this place is interesting as the spot where King Arthur is represented in the 'Bridal of Triermain' as having held the tournament at which the contest was carried on for the hand of his daughter. Higher up the river Eamont is

'Mayborough's mound and stones of power,
By Druids raised in magic hour'—

a prodigious enclosure of great antiquity, formed by a collection of stones upon the top of a gently-sloping hill. In the centre of the area is a large block of unhewn stone, about twelve feet in height, supposed to have been a place of Druidical judicature. Two similar masses are said to have been destroyed during the memory of man. The celebrated relics of antiquity called 'Long Meg and her Daughters,' are six miles north-east of Penrith; the former consisting of a square unhewn column of red freestone, fifteen feet in circumference, and eighteen feet high; the latter forming a circle three hundred and fifty yards in circumference, and composed of sixty-seven stones, some of them ten feet high. Of this interesting monument Wordsworth says, 'Though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, I must say I have not seen any other relique of those dark ages which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.'

'A weight of awe not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that family furlorn.

* An account of the famous family of the Cliffords will be found in No. 615 of the Journal, first series.

Speak thou whose massy strength and stature scorn
The power of years—pre-eminent and placed
Apart to overlook the circle vast—
Speak, giant-mother! tell it to the Morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of night.
Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud,
At whose behest arose on British ground
That staterhood in hieroglyphic round,
Forth-shadowing some have deemed the Infinite,
The inviolable God that tames the proud!

Another object of local note in the neighbourhood of Penrith is Lowther Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale, who is the owner of immense possessions in this district. The building, which is of recent origin, has a double front, one in the castellated style, the other in the Gothic cathedral style, a circumstance noticed by Wordsworth, who has a sonnet commencing—

'Lowther! in thy majestic pile are seen
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
With the baronial castle's sterner mien;
Union significant of God adored,
And charters won and guarded with the sword
Of ancient honour.'

The interior is adorned with many master-pieces of the ancient painters, and the productions of Chantrey, Westmacott, and other sculptors. Here is also a *fac simile* of the famous Wellington shield, carved in solid silver, representing in a regular series the victories gained by the duke. The effect of the whole pile is strikingly grand. The park in which it stands abounds with fine forest trees, and is watered by the swift-flowing river Lowther, remarkable for its pellucid clearness. Altogether, the extent of prospect, the grandeur of the surrounding objects, the noble situation, the diversities of surface, the gray and tree-crowned crags, the extensive woods and command of water, render this one of the finest scenes in the north of England. The Lowther family, which possesses unrivalled power in the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, is of great antiquity; but, unlike their former neighbours the Cliffords, of little or no historical note. One of the family was attorney-general to Edward III. Another of them was warden of the west marches in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and when Queen Mary fled into England, he conveyed her, by the direction of Elizabeth, to Carlisle Castle. The first earl, who died in 1802, succeeded to the three great inheritances of Mauds Meaburn, Lowther, and Whitehaven, which had belonged to different branches of the family; and inherited also two millions of money left by his kinsman Sir James Lowther of Whitehaven. He was remarkable for his eccentricity and caprice, and is not unfrequently described by those who still remember him as 'the bad Lord Lonsdale.' The English Opium Eater, who has given a number of curious anecdotes regarding him in his 'Lake Reminiscences,' says, he was a true feudal chieftain; and in the very approaches to his mansion, in the style of his equipage, or whatever else was likely to meet the public eye, he delighted to express his disdain of modern refinements, and the haughty carelessness of his magnificence. The coach in which he used to visit Penrith was old and neglected, his horses fine, but untrimmed; and such was the impression diffused about him by his gloomy temper and his habits of oppression, that, according to the declaration of a Penrith contemporary of the old despot, the streets were silent as he traversed them, and an awe sat upon many faces. In his park you saw some of the most magnificent timber in the kingdom—trees that were coeval with the feuds of York and Lancaster, yews that perhaps had furnished bows to Cœur de Lion, and oaks that might have built a navy. All was savage grandeur about these native forests—their sweeping lawns and glades had been unapproached for centuries, it might be, by the hand of art, and amongst them roamed not the timid fallow deer, but thundering droves of wild horses. Lord Lonsdale (in the words of a contemporary writer) 'went sometimes to London, because there only he found a greater man than himself; but not often, be-

cause at home he was allowed to forget that there was such a man.' Even in London, however, his haughty injustice found occasions for making itself known. On a court-day, St James's Street was lined by cavalry, and the orders were peremptory that no carriages should be allowed to pass, except those which were carrying parties to court. Whether it were by accident or no, Lord Lonsdale's carriage advanced, and the coachman, in obedience to orders shouted out from the window, was turning down the forbidden route, when a trooper rode up to the horses' heads and stopped them. The thundering menaces of Lord Lonsdale perplexed the soldier, who did not know but he might be bringing himself into a scrape by persisting in his opposition; but the officer on duty observing the scene, rode up, and in a determined tone enforced the order, causing two of his men to turn the horses' heads round into Piccadilly. Lord Lonsdale threw his card to the officer, and a duel followed, in which, however, the outrageous injustice of his lordship met with a pointed rebuke; for the first person whom he summoned to his aid in the quality of second, though a friend and a relative of his own, declined to sanction by any interference so scandalous a quarrel with an officer for simply executing an official duty. In this dilemma he applied to the late Earl of Lonsdale, then Sir William Lowther, who accepted of the office—a service which his lordship gratefully remembered; for, by a will which is said to have been dated the same day, Sir William became eventually possessed of a large property which did not necessarily accompany the title. Another anecdote is told of the same Lord Lonsdale, which expresses in a more affecting way the moody energy of his passions. He loved with passionate fervour a fine young woman of humble parentage in a Cumberland farm-house. Her he had persuaded to leave her father, and put herself under his protection. Whilst yet young and beautiful, she died. Lord Lonsdale's sorrow was profound: he could not bear the thought of a final parting from that face which had become so familiar to his heart. He caused her to be embalmed; a glass was placed over her features; and at intervals, when his thoughts reverted to her memory, he found a consolation (or perhaps a luxurious irritation) of his sorrow in visiting this sad memorial of his former happiness. Mr Pitt was first brought into parliament for one of the boroughs of Lord Lonsdale, then Sir James Lowther. When Pitt became prime minister, Sir James was rewarded for his services by being raised to the dignity of an earl. Yet so indignant was he, says Sir Nathaniel Wrasall, at finding himself last on the list of newly-created earls—though the three noble individuals who preceded him were already barons of many centuries old—that he actually attempted to reject the peerage, preferring to remain a commoner rather than submit to so great a mortification. With that avowed intention he repaired to the House of Commons, where, in defiance of all impediments, he would have proceeded up the floor and placed himself on one of the opposition benches, as member for the county of Cumberland, if the sergeant and deputy-sergeant had not withheld him by main force. Means were subsequently devised to allay the irritation of his mind, and to induce his acquiescence in the order of precedence adopted by the crown.

Leaving Lowther, with its magnificent domains, we return to Penrith for the purpose of visiting, by a slight detour on our way to Ulleswater, the remains of Dacre Castle, long the residence of the famous border family of Dacre, the descendants of that fierce baron who derived his name from his exploits at the siege of St Jean d'Acre, and whose crest

'Once swept the shores of Judah's sea,
And waved in gales of Galilee.'

A quaint old writer, giving an account of the edifice, says, 'Dacker Castle stands alone, and do more house about it; and I protest looks very sorrowful for the loss

of its founders in that huge battle of Towton Field, and that total eclipse of the great Lord Dacres in that grand rebellion with Lords Northumberland and Westmoreland in Queen Elizabeth's time, and in the north called Dacre's Raide.* Dacre Castle is now occupied as a farm-house. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Turning our steps from Dacre Castle towards the romantic lake of Ulleswater, and passing through Dalemain Park, we reach Pooley Bridge, where the river Eamont, clear as crystal, issues from the lake. Ulleswater is nine miles in length, and its extreme width is about three quarters of a mile; but the eye, it has been justly said, loses its power of judging even of the breadth, confounded by the boldness of the shores and the grandeur of the fells that rise beyond. It spreads everywhere in an easy curve, beautifully broken in some parts by promontories, which divide it into three separate portions or reaches, as they are locally termed. At the foot of the first reach stands Dunmallet, a steep and conical hill covered with wood. Here there were formerly the traces of a Roman fortification; and on the summit of the hill, which commands a fine view of the lake, a monastery of Benedictine monks once stood. The character of this view is nearly that of simple grandeur; but the mountains surrounding Ulleswater in this neighbourhood do not rise to so great a height as those which extend along the middle and upper reaches. Following the road to Patterdale, which skirts the west margin of the lake, we reach the second bend, which assumes the form of a river, and contains in length nearly two-thirds of the lake. According to Mrs Radcliffe, this part of Ulleswater brings strongly to remembrance some of the passes of the Rhine beyond Coblenz, though the cliffs which rise over the lake do not show the variety of hue or marbled veins that frequently surprise and delight on the Rhine, being generally dark and gray, and the varieties in their complexion, when there are any, purely aerial; but they are vast and broken, rise immediately from the stream, and often shoot their masses over it, while the mass of water below accords with the dignity of that river in many of its reaches. This bend of the lake is closed in by Birk Fell on the left, and on the right by Stybarrow Crag, far away above which is seen 'the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn.' On its eastern shore are the broken precipices of Holling Fell and Swarth Fell, 'now no longer boasting any part of the forest of Martindale, but showing huge walls of naked rock,' and scars and ravines formed by the winter torrents. On the west are the grassy hillocks and undulating copes of Gowbarrow Park, 'fringing the water sometimes over little rocky eminences that project into the stream, and at others in shelving bays, where the lake, transparent as crystal, breaks upon the pebbly bank, and leaves the road that winds there.' 'In Gowbarrow Park,' says Wordsworth, 'the lover of nature might linger for hours. Here is a powerful brook, which dashes among rocks through a deep glen, hung on every side with a rich and happy intermixture of native wood. Here are beds of luxuriant ferns, aged hawthorns, and hollies decked with honeysuckles, and fallow deer glancing and bounding over the lawns and through the thickets.' In the middle of the park there is a hunting seat called Lyulph's Tower, a square gray edifice with turreted corners, battlements, and windows in the Gothic style, built by Charles, eleventh Duke of Norfolk, and bequeathed by him, along with Gowbarrow Park, to Henry Howard, Esq. of Greystock Castle. It stands on a green eminence a little removed from the lake, backed with woods and with pastures rising abruptly beyond to the cliffs and crags that crown them. In front, the ground falls finely to the edge of the lake, and is scattered over with old trees, and darkened with copes, which mingle in a variety of tints with the light verdure of the turf beneath. The lake is here seen to make one of its boldest expanses as it sweeps round Place Fell—an enormous mass of gray crag—and enters Patterdale, its third and last bend. This reach is the smallest and narrowest of the three, but greatly superior

to the others in the mingled grandeur and beauty which surround it. On the left side,

'Abrupt and sheer the mountains stand
At once upon the level brink.'

On the opposite shore the rocks are lower and richly wooded, and a tract of meadow land or pasture frequently interposes between them and the water. The view is closed at the upper end by the massy broken rocks which guard the gorge of Patterdale. Passing through Gowbarrow Park, in the vicinity of Lyulph's Tower, a stream is crossed by a small bridge, about a mile above which is a beautiful waterfall called Airey Force. The banks are finely wooded, and the surrounding scenery is remarkably magnificent. This glen is the scene of Wordsworth's 'Somnambulist,' the opening stanza of which thus speaks of the scenery we have described:—

'List ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower
At eve, how softly then
Doth Aira Force, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from his woody glen!
Fit music for a solemn vale!
And holier seems the sound
To him who catches on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale
Embodied in the sound.'

A mile beyond Airey Bridge we cross another torrent, called Glencoin Beck, which here divides the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The highest reach of the lake is now fully in view, expanding into an oval shape, and its majestic surface spotted with little rocky islets. A short way farther on is Stybarrow Crag, a lofty and deeply-scarred promontory, terminating a mountainous ridge that descends from Helvellyn. At this spot, where the steep mountain approaches almost close to the water's edge, a party of Scotch moss-troopers were repulsed by the dalesmen under the command of a person of the name of Mounsey, who from this exploit acquired the title of 'King of Patterdale,' which was borne for many years by his descendants. Patterdale Hall, the patrimonial estate of the family, was sold only a few years ago to Mr Marshall of Leeds. A short way farther on we reach the village of Patterdale, peeping out from among trees beneath the scowling mountains which enclose the head of Ulleswater. The church is an ancient white building, furnished with oaken benches, and harmonising well in the simplicity of its structure with the grandeur of the surrounding scenery. In the churchyard is a yew-tree of remarkable size. Here neither 'storied urn nor animated bust' marks the last resting-place of the 'rude forefathers of the hamlet,' who have been gathered to their fathers with no other monument than the green mound.

'In this churchyard
Is neither epitaph nor monument,
Tombstone nor name, only the turf we tread,
And a few natural graves.'

Here lie interred the remains of Charles Gough, a young man of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, who perished in the spring of 1805. This unfortunate 'young lover of nature' attempted to cross Helvellyn from Patterdale, after a fall of snow had partially concealed the path. It could never be ascertained whether he was killed by the fall or had perished from hunger. After the lapse of three months, his body was found at the foot of a tremendous precipice called Striding Edge, guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

'This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.
Yes—proof was plain, that, since the day
On which the traveller thus had died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side.
How nourished there through such long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling great,
Above all human estimate.'

* Wordsworth, vol. v. p. 43.

This affecting instance of brute fidelity has also been commemorated by Sir Walter Scott in the well-known lines beginning,

'I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn.'

WHAT TO DO IN CASES OF ACCIDENT.

BLOOD-LETTING.

Now, as in former times, there is hardly any accident in which the person consulted as to the treatment, would not instantly and fearlessly recommend blood-letting from the arm. It is therefore an important point to decide whether a remedy so universally recommended, and so implicitly relied on, is in every case advantageous; and whether there are not, on the contrary, cases in which it may be positively dangerous.

It must certainly be admitted that the practice of general, or rather indiscriminate blood-letting, has in its favour all the authority which high antiquity may give. In the middle ages, the only physicians were to be found among the monks. As most of these were, by the rules of their order, prevented from quitting their monasteries, and were consequently incapable of attending accidents and many serious diseases, they delegated their medical functions to the surgeons of those days, who, however, were contented with the humble rank of tonsors, or, vulgarly speaking, barbers. That blood-letting was considered by these men as the principal exercise of their art, may be easily seen from the signs which they adopted to denote their occupation; the pole, or bleeding staff, with painted fillet, and the barber's basin 'lined with red rag to look like blood,' being equally significant emblems of their calling.

When the Reformation swept away the poor man's physician, the monk, the barber still remained; and the mass of the people, deprived of their only source of medical knowledge and medical remedies, were driven to the universal phlebotomy practised by that operator. To this cause is no doubt to be ascribed the custom existing in this country of indiscriminate bleeding. Many persons make a point of being bled in the spring and fall of the year, not as a remedy for any particular disease, but as a general precautionary measure.

When I was serving my indentures, now some thirty years ago, we bled the poor gratuitously every Sunday morning. Great was the number of applications; but rarely, if ever, were we called upon to give an opinion as to the necessity or propriety of the operation. Nor has the practice been restricted to the human race: the veterinary surgeon, or rather farrier, has been equally zealous in the cause with the barber of old; and all animals, no matter what the complaint, exhaustion or plethora, whether proceeding from over-work or over-feeding, inflammation or depression, in all cases was the phlema applied alike, and in the same rude way; the blood being suffered to fall unmeasured to the ground, as recklessly as though the operator possessed the power to restore that which he so freely abstracted.

In most cases, if the general bleeder were asked to give some reasons for the operation, he would not know where to find them; not in medical books or lectures certainly: the law, if it do exist, is a '*lex non scripta*;' and perhaps the best thing he could say would be, 'that it is a popular practice, and popular opinion forced him to it.' Surely this is a sorry excuse for one pretending to scientific knowledge and medical responsibility.

The value of blood-letting in all inflammatory diseases, and in most cases of congestion, is too well established both in theory and practice to admit of the

slightest doubt. But this very value which it possesses is another reason why it be not abused; for it is clear that the indiscriminate practice of blood-letting is the reason which has made certain members of the profession object to it altogether, even in those cases just mentioned.

It is highly important the public should know that it is only in cases of inflammation and congestion that blood-letting is permissible, and as such do never arise suddenly, in no cases therefore of accident or suspended animation in its various forms is it ever to be used.

To explain the reason of this rule, it will be necessary to describe more minutely the nature, or rather the immediate consequences, of accidents in general.

In all cases of sudden and severe violence, partial or complete insensibility is produced; the surface of the body will be found pale, bloodless, and cold; the pulsation feeble, if not altogether imperceptible; the brain, being for the time paralysed by the shock, the heart ceases to beat and the arteries to pulsate. The blood, therefore, does not receive its revivifying properties from the lungs, which also become inactive, from the respiratory muscles being deprived of their nervous influence; the veins, however, not so immediately depending on the vital powers of the heart still continue to return blood unfit to sustain life to that organ, which consequently becomes loaded with this black and impure fluid.

If the state of suspended function we are now considering were caused by the presence of the black blood with which the heart is loaded, it would certainly be a valid reason for venesection; but as the presence of such blood is not the cause, but the effect of the cessation of nervous energy by depletion, we should only increase the debility, and probably break the slender thread by which life is suspended.

It is curious to observe how many of those wise precautions, which providence has adopted for the preservation of life, are looked upon as the direct causes of death! Thus, when either from hemorrhage, or during the temporary cessation of vital energy which sometimes occurs, and is marked by the presence of syncope or fainting, blood will not flow on the opening of a vein; this, which in the case of hemorrhage, by affording time to arrest the bleeding, often saves the patient's life, and which in all cases should be looked upon as an effort of nature to rally her feeble powers, is here deplored as a most unfortunate event. How often do we read in accounts of accidents, that 'a talented surgeon was called in, who attempted to bleed, but, alas! in vain;' as if the success of the operation would have retarded that death which in fact it could only have hastened.

What, then, is to be done at this moment of danger? Stimuli are clearly the most obvious remedies; and as one of the most easily procured and most efficacious, brandy naturally suggests itself. If the power of swallowing remains, at once give brandy (or any other spirit) in warm water. *Do not alter the recumbent position of the body.* Apply warmth either in bed or bath, and in extreme cases use artificial respiration; in short, proceed in the same way as if the patient were being recovered from drowning.

After a short time, if the remedies have been promptly applied, the heart resumes its functions, the skin its heat, and the brain its vital sensibility. It is now that the skill and attention of the surgeon are eminently required; for the too rapid reaction of the system often produces dangerous inflammation. To prevent this justly dreaded evil, perfect rest, absence of stimuli, abstemious diet, and medicinal remedies, are required. Should these fail, then, *but not before*, is bleeding to be employed.

The general rules then to be borne in mind respecting accidents, in order to make ourselves useful at the moment of danger, are—1st. That in all accidents, the first symptoms are those of depression, and consequently stimuli are required. 2d. That all unnecessary motion,

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particularly raising the patient from the recumbent position, is to be avoided.*

The only case of accident (if accident it can be called) opposed to such treatment is that of apoplexy. Here, however, the whole train of symptoms is entirely opposite, and cannot be mistaken for those above-described. The face is suffused and tinged with purple blood, the heart beats more strongly than in health, and the heat of the body is increased rather than diminished—such symptoms are evident proofs of the necessity of blood-letting. In such cases raise the body to the sitting posture, to lessen the volume of blood thrown to the brain; lay bare the throat, to remove any obstruction to the return of blood from the brain; and pour cold water on the head in a high and continuous stream, until medical assistance arrives.

RAMBLING REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Two papers under this name, drawn up by Mrs John Ballantyne, appeared in the Journal last year. At the request of some friends, she has been induced to draw upon her memory for the materials of one more paper on the same theme.]

It is now forty years since my first introduction to Sir Walter Scott. I must ever remember with some degree of shame my conduct on that occasion. Young, half spoilt by flattery, and newly married, I resolved, when I heard Mr Scott spoken of as a great lion, to let him see that his roar, mane, and claws, had no terrors for me. Accordingly, when he addressed me at table, asking me to drink wine with him, or to sing, I affected not to hear him, or gave him only very laconic answers. It would not be worth while to tell this tale to my own discredit, were it not to add that Scott, instead of taking offence, so won me by his kind and polite behaviour, that ere an hour had elapsed, I was heartily ashamed of my folly. Here was the nobleness of the true lion indeed.

Of Sir Walter's many legendary stories, I chance at this moment to remember one which he used to relate with a considerable mixture of comic effect. I shall transcribe it as correctly as my memory will permit; but the reader will of course understand that the rich unpremeditated grace of his manner is beyond recall. 'During the height of the border feuds, when every petty chieftain held despotic sway, and had the power of life and death over his vassals or dependents, it was no unusual thing for a culprit, on very slight offence, to be ordered out for execution on the nearest tree or pole which happened to present itself, with short time allowed for shrift. The grim guardian, or castellan, of these border fastnesses was sometimes a nobleman of high rank; at others, some petty upstart laird. These wardens of the marches, under the reign of Elizabeth and her successor James I., couching in their dark and gloomy dens, like giants of romance, were the terror of evil-doers. Each had to secure himself in his stronghold as best he might; and was compelled to have a body of soldiers ready at a moment's call, armed cap-a-pie, who kept constantly on the look-out. The approach to these dens was perilous in the extreme. A cork-screw staircase, dark as pitch, and almost perpendicular, allowing but one person to ascend at a time, and guarded by strong double iron doors, the opening and shutting of which sounded like thunder, led to the apartment of the governor; one of whom, a small landholder or laird, being notorious for the way he used his "brief authority," was on one occasion informed that a culprit had been caught in the very act of bagging the

whole of his honour's poultry—cocks, hens, turkeys, ducks, and all, not even sparing the old cocker herself! The fate of the culprit was very speedily decided; he was sentenced to be confined in a dark cell, till his honour had arrayed himself in his robes of authority, when forthwith he was to be hanged on a tree in the courtyard of the castle. The governor, having descended from his tower of strength, and being surrounded by a body of soldiers armed to the teeth, appointed one of them to the office of executioner. The door of the cell being now unlocked, the prisoner was called by name, and commanded to come forth and receive the punishment he so justly merited. By this time the story of his captivity and consequent death-loom had spread, and the castle was surrounded by a dense crowd, all prepared to attempt a rescue. After repeated orders to come forth, the prisoner still refused to leave his hiding-place. At last his honour, losing all patience, commanded the executioner to enforce obedience. "Hoot, man," cried that grim officer, "come awa, noo; come oot, and be hangit, and dinna anger the laird, ye fashious devil that ye are!" at the same time dragging out the unfortunate culprit into the courtyard. "Will I?" answered he; "wha'll be the gowk* then?" and quick as lightning bursting from the soldier's iron grasp, with one cat-like spring and a "hooh!" he cleared a low unprotected part of the rampart wall, and fell unhurt into the arms of his companions below, who, with a tremendous shout, which seemed to shake the lion's den to the very foundation, cheered him on his escape; while he, doubling and winding like a hare before the hounds, was soon out of reach of his pursuers.'

Besides his story-telling manner, he had another quite distinct, in which he was accustomed to utter any snatch of poetry in which he felt deeply interested, such as a verse of a Border ballad, or a simple but touching popular rhyme. I can never forget the awe-striking solemnity with which he pronounced an elegiac stanza inscribed on a tombstone in Melrose Abbey:—

'Earth walketh on the earth
Glistering like gold,
Earth goeth to the earth
Sooner than it wold.
Earth buildeth on the earth
Palaces and towers,
Earth sayeth to the earth
All shall be ours.'

The astonishing facility, rapidity, and carelessness with which he wrote for the press, is not the least remarkable feature in the history of his works. He never revised them, and I believe never saw them after they were sent to the printing-office. This recalls to my mind an anecdote in which Mr James Ballantyne was concerned. Saving that the manner was a little too theatrical, James's readings from English books, and particularly from poetry, were singularly delightful. His voice was sonorous, his articulation clear and distinct, his mode of utterance correct, and his ear musical. Entering the library one forenoon, I found Mr Ballantyne reading. 'Hermione,' said he, 'listen to these lines; can anything be finer?' He then read from a poem very popular at the time; but we had not been many minutes thus engaged when Mr Scott joined us, and insisted that Mr Ballantyne should continue to read. 'Never mind, James, who your author is, or what may be your subject—go on, go on.' Without allowing him to perceive it, I managed to watch the Minstrel's countenance narrowly as Mr Ballantyne continued to read. He, at the first few lines, nodded his head in approbation; then, 'Very good, very good indeed!—charming!—powerful!' I soon saw that the upper lip began to elongate, and even to tremble; then a tear started into the small gray eye. He was soon quite overpowered, not only with the beauty of the composition, but with the charming manner in which Mr Ballantyne read it; and snatching up his staff, he strode across the room, and looking over the reader's

* The blood, although a living fluid, is governed by the laws of motion of fluids in general. It therefore flows more freely in a horizontal than an upright position. Where hemorrhage has occurred, or whenever great debility is present, this is a point of the greatest importance to attend to. The heart may retain sufficient power to send the blood to the brain in the recumbent, although not in the erect position; and, consequently, many a person in these circumstances, in attempting to rise up in bed, has sunk back lifeless on the pillow.

* Literally cuckoo, but meaning fool or simpleton.

shoulder, discovered, to his manifest discomfiture, that it was the Lay of the Last Minstrel. He indignantly dashed the offending tear from his eye, uttered an impatient 'Pshaw!' and exclaimed, 'God help me, James, I am losing my memory!' The same thing happened subsequently as my husband read some pages in his hearing from one of the novels—I have forgotten which—but I well remember that he never appeared to be flattered on such occasions, but, on the contrary, evinced great impatience.

Let me here record an instance of his benevolence. One day, at a very numerous and rather ceremonious dinner-party at my own table, there was a scarcity of spoons; and what added in no trifling degree to the awkwardness of the circumstance, just at the precise moment when one servant was handing them to another behind the dining-room door, for the purpose of washing them, there occurred a most determined pause in the conversation. Nothing could have been more completely *mal-apropos*—for the silence was so profound, that no sound was to be heard save the whispering of the servants and the washing of the spoons. At last my husband drank, 'Relief to all in distress,' which broke the spell, and set us all a-laughing, while Mr James Ballantyne, who had an apt quotation from his favourite author Shakspeare ready on all emergencies, called out to me, in his sonorous tones—

'My lord, my lord, methinks you'd spare your spoons!'

'Not I, indeed, my lord,' responded I, 'for I have none to spare.'

'A hit—a very palpable hit,' answered Mr Ballantyne.

'Not amiss,' observed Sir Walter, nodding his head gently from side to side, as was his manner on some particular occasions; but shortly afterwards I observed that he became silent and abstracted, appeared to be ruminating, drew down the upper lip to an unusual length—a change seemed to have come over him, and it was some time before he was altogether himself again. The following day, a parcel addressed to myself, in Sir Walter's well-known hand, was presented to me, containing a dozen of the handsomest table-spoons which could be procured in Edinburgh.

The stories told by Mr Creech the bookseller, some of which lately appeared in the Journal, were much relished by Scott, whom I have often seen laughing at them till the tears ran over his cheeks. Alas that those days of boundless jocundity, when I lived in an atmosphere of merry whim and tale, and daily saw the ablest men of my time in their moments of highest excitation, should be gone never to return! Creech's droll anecdotes were a source of never-ending amusement; for though he told them frequently, they never were quite the same thing. Every repetition brought out something new, and each new feature was invariably an improvement. Scott never failed to have something to add as a sort of rebound to all other people's stories. For example, Creech one day threw us all into fits with an account of a minister in a north-country parish, who had so grievously offended his flock, that with one consent they rose upon him, drove him from his pulpit with a storm of cutty stools, kicked him out of the church, and finally thrashed the preacher also—most unheard-of conduct surely: yet immediately after the tale was concluded, we heard Scott saying in a slow and infinitely whimsical voice:—

Oh what a toon, what a terrible toon,

Oh what a toon was that o' Dunkeld!

They've hang'd the minister, drooned the preacher,

Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell!

I know not where he got the lines; but their effect at the moment was overpowering.

I shall now conclude this truly rambling paper with another story of Creech, which used to be a prime favourite in our circle. 'In my young days,' said he, 'there was an old gentleman, proprietor of an estate near Edinburgh, who, besides being a man of consider-

able classical taste, was an antiquary, and, having in early youth travelled on the Continent, was a proficient in the French and Italian languages. He was a fine body on the whole, but passionate to a great degree, and extremely irritable on certain points. He was in the habit of giving fine French and Italian names to almost everything he possessed; and in order to put him into a temper of rage, it was only necessary to make a mistake, and mispronounce the name of anything. His mansion, for instance, he called *Bella Retira*. Part of an old dilapidated church wall which he had enclosed within his grounds, which was in view of the house, and which he had taken infinite pains to cover with ivy and other creeping plants, he was pleased to denominate *L'Eglise de Marie*. He was indefatigable in his exertions to drill the servants and country folks into a proper mode of pronunciation—with what success may easily be imagined; but being a most severe disciplinarian, he enforced obedience by dint of a good stout oaken cudgel, which he always carried about with him for the express purpose of initiating the clowns and clodhoppers into a classical and correct mode of speech. Strolling about his own grounds one day, he encountered a young man, the son of a small farmer in the neighbourhood, and being curious to discover by what barbarous nickname his mansion and the ivy-towers would be distinguished, affecting to be a stranger to the locality, he asked the young man the name of that ruin, pointing to the church wall—'What's the name of that ruinous church, my man? can you inform me what they call it?' 'Is't yon bit auld gray-stane dyke yonder, wi' the dockens grown owre the tap o't? Ou ay (scratching his head, by way of refreshing his memory); they ca' that *Legs-my-leary*, I'm thinking.' 'Legs-my-whatty, ye stupid donnerit idiot?' raising his oaken cudgel, flourishing it furiously, and making an effort to chase and chastise the delinquent, who only escaped a sound thrashing by taking to his heels. The old gentleman had barely got time to breathe and recover a little from his excitement, when he was accosted by a countryman bearing a basket on his arm, who, very respectfully touching his hat, asked him to direct him to *Bullrowtery*. 'Bullwhattery, ye fool?' exclaimed the laird in a fury; and flourishing the cudgel in a very hostile manner—'I'll Bullrowtery ye; can ye no give things their proper names, man, and say *Bella Retira*?' 'Deed no,' was the answer; 'I'm no just sae daft's a' that—I ne'er fash my thoomb wi' ony sic havers; Bullrowtery's as guid common sense as *Belly-rowtery* every bit and crumb: there's sax o' the tain, and half a dozen o' the tother; and ye'd far better gang hame and curl your wig, than rin after folk to lounder them because they canna speak nonsense.' Which logic made so deep an impression on the worthy old gentleman, that from that hour he resolved to lay aside his cudgel in some snug corner, and trouble his head no more about orthopaedic blunders.'

COMPETITION IN GAS AND WATER COMPANIES.

In the evidence taken before the Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of Large Towns and Populous Districts, Mr Hawksley, engineer of the Nottingham water-works, states an opinion which goes counter in some degree to common prejudices, and will strike most persons as novel, but is nevertheless, we are persuaded, worthy of attention. Speaking of gas-works for small towns, where the expense of an act of parliament cannot be afforded, he states that, often when such works have been commenced, and are doing well, competitors step in and ruin the prospects of the original adventurers. Hence there is a reluctance to invest money in such works, without an act protecting from competition. Being asked what is the operation of this introduction of a second company, Mr Hawksley answers:—'Usually inferior to the interests of the proprietors and of the public. Two capitals become invested; two sources of

wear and tear are created; two managements, and two complete sets of officers must be maintained; two causes of loss and leakage are established; for all which the public must and do ultimately pay, as well as for the enormously expensive conflict to obtain the act of parliament, and for the rivalry and strife of several subsequent years. It may be mentioned that in some districts of London, three, four, or five companies have pipes, and are occupied in performing the service which might be quite as effectually rendered by one, and perhaps by that one, under proper supervision, at half the cost of the present supply. These companies seldom continue in active competition for long periods. Finding the competition ruinous, they coalesce openly, or enter into a private understanding, by which the public are deprived of the benefits of the supposed competition. The charges are either increased, or remain fixed much above those at which a single company would willingly supply. It may be affirmed that the metropolis might, under proper arrangements, be efficiently supplied with gas at 5s. per thousand feet, instead of at the 8s. or 9s. now charged; and yet the companies are in general ill remunerated for the capital they have invested and the risk they have encountered; and this evil arises solely from the great amount of capital brought into the field to encourage competition, and to satisfy the complaints against a monopoly which exists only in consequence of the omission of parliament to subject single companies to a supervising authority, competent to afford an equal protection to the interests of the public and of such companies. Actually, at Manchester, where there is but one gas-work (one under the management of the public), the charge for gas per 1000 cubic feet is 5s. 2d. In Liverpool, where there are two companies, the price is 6s. 2d. Yet notwithstanding the lower price, and a smaller manufacture, Manchester has been enabled to apply to the improvement of the town, and in increase of assets, as much as the two 10 per cent. dividends of the Liverpool companies—thus showing that two companies will cost the public more than 20 per cent. more than one company.

Mr Hawksley states that there is the same inappropriateness in rival companies of all other kinds working with a superfluous capital. 'Second companies,' he thinks, 'would be wholly unnecessary, but for original defects in the system of legislation. In nearly all cases, the objects sought to be obtained by the introduction of rival companies would be infinitely better obtained through the agency of an authority instituted for the double purpose of enforcing the compliance of the original companies with the provisions of the acts under which they are established, and of protecting them from the aggressions of interested parties, and of capitalists stimulated to the conflict by the hope of pecuniary gain. For example, in the case of Liverpool, there are two capitals employed in supplying the town with water on the old system. I believe it would be found that one of these companies could, with but small additions to its means, supply the whole of the water required for public purposes, had there been any authority to interfere and adjust equitably the additional charge to be made for the extended supply. But the usual mode of intervention was in this case resorted to. A third capital of £100,000 has been introduced to effect purposes which might have been obtained at probably one-third the expense. This additional capital has been raised for the attainment of a nearly single object, namely, the extinction of fire, and will entail a lasting tax and an annual expenditure of large amount upon the inhabitants.' For a further illustration of the principle, Mr Hawksley adduces the case of the city of Glasgow, in respect to its gas-works. 'That city was supplied by one company, which, as its consumption of gas and its works extended, went on reducing its charges. The quality of its gas was proved and admitted to be excellent, the price very reasonable, and the manufacturing power more than sufficient. But its supposed prosperity excited the cupidity of another body of spe-

culators, who, hoping that they might share the extending field of supply, made application for a private act. The diminished and diminishing price was incontrovertible; but the company had refused to supply consumers during the day, on the ground that the expense of a day-supply to the few consumers requiring it, would, from the leakage of the extensive system of pipes to be kept charged for that purpose, be wholly disproportionate to the return. This, along with other minor allegations, was thought to justify the resolution that the preamble of the bill was proved, and that a further supply to the city was needed. Now the consequence was this, that a further capital of £150,000, or more, has been driven into a field where it is almost entirely superfluous. The interest of all this capital must and will be charged on the public within the field where it is obtruded. By the introduction of this other company, the cost of the gas will be increased or kept up at least 1s. 8d. per 1000 cubic feet, even although the consumption of gas should increase so much as 30 per cent. This will of course constitute a permanent tax in whatever form it may arise.'

The principle concerned in these cases is, we believe, fully established in political economy: further illustrations of it may be found in a paper entitled 'Competition,' in the eleventh volume of this Journal. And practically, we have no doubt it would be advantageous to the public to have water and gas supplied in all instances by one company, if proper provisions could be made to insure to the community the benefit of any improvement in the company's circumstances beyond a certain moderate rate of profit.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

At the conclusion of the legend of Claude de Verre in a late number, a similar English story of personation was promised. This story we proceed to relate, only premising that the materials are supplied to us by one of the parties who suffered from the imposition. We need scarcely remark what a curious light such anecdotes throw upon the liability of the mind to be deceived by those inlets to all its ideas—the senses.

Our informant, Geoffrey Randell, is, it appears, the eldest son of a hard-working and industrious man, who has been for many years the carrier from the village of Chedworth to the town of Cirencester, and who succeeded in bringing up with credit a family of eight children, four of whom were sons.

In 1828 John Randell, the youngest of this family, being then sixteen years of age, procured the situation of letter-boy in the family of Sir W. B. Guise of Rendcombe Park, which is situated about three miles from Chedworth, his native place. Here he remained for two years, and during his servitude was remarked for being of a somewhat reserved and eccentric disposition. One Sunday morning, in April 1831, Geoffrey Randell was crossing the market-place of Cirencester, on his way to church, when he met one of the servants from Rendcombe Park, who to his surprise had been despatched for the letters instead of his brother. From this person he learnt the afflicting intelligence that John had suddenly disappeared the day before, and no one knew whither he had gone. Geoffrey instantly repaired to Rendcombe to obtain such information respecting his brother's flight as might, he hoped, lead to a discovery of the route he had taken. Nothing satisfactory, however, could be learned, and all subsequent inquiry was equally fruitless. Days, weeks, months passed away, and no tidings of John Randell were received. At length it was supposed that he had gone to America, as he had often expressed a wish to do so, for many persons were at that time emigrating. So strong was this belief in the family, that from every person who was known to be going to the new world, a promise was exacted that they would seek out the lost young man, and if they found him, communicate by letter with his brother or parents. In the autumn of the same year Geoffrey

Randell had occasion to go to the Isle of Wight, and actually made a point of visiting all the American merchantmen in Portsmouth harbour, in the hope of finding his brother amongst their crews; but his search was in vain.

Years passed away, and no tidings having been received, less pleasing conjectures were formed as to the fate of John Randell. In the meantime the rest of the family were dispersed, being called away from their native place by their various avocations. Sophia, the eldest sister, filled a situation first at Henley-on-Thames, and next at Hurst in Berkshire. Elizabeth, another sister, lived at Gosport, near Portsmouth. These, with Geoffrey, were the immediate and chief actors in the story; for Amy, the youngest sister, and the brothers Moses and Alfred, were so situated as to be out of the reach of the deception practised on the other relations.

The scene of the continuation of this true story is laid at Hurst. Sophia Randell had made the acquaintance of a young man named Holloway, a blacksmith—an acquaintance which ended some time afterwards in matrimony. One evening in April 1836, exactly five years after John Randell's disappearance, Holloway, being in a public-house at Hurst, was forcibly struck by the likeness which the features of a stranger who was in the room bore to those of his intended, Sophia Randell. Having heard about her lost brother, he immediately asked the man if his name were Randell, and if he did not come from the neighbourhood of Cirencester? The stranger replied in the negative, adding, that his name was James Hains, and that he was a native of Warwickshire. This did not satisfy Holloway, who, on pressing him more closely, got the stranger to admit that he knew something of Gloucestershire. When other questions were put, he prevaricated, and young Holloway was much strengthened in his conviction that the man was John Randell. To make sure, however, he made an appointment to meet him on the following evening, and in the morning told his father what had happened, desiring him to go to the house and see the stranger. This Mr Holloway senior did, and declared on his return that 'he would swear it was Sophia's brother, if he were among a thousand people.' The appointment at night was duly kept, but for some time the stranger refused to satisfy young Holloway's inquiries. It happened, however (whether by accident or design, is not mentioned), that the landlady, in setting out his supper, placed the knife on the left-hand side, upon which he exclaimed, 'I will have my supper, but am not left-handed.' Holloway caught at this, and retorted, 'No, but you know your sister Sophia is!' Upon this the man said that it was useless to deny it any longer: he was her brother.

At this announcement young Holloway bestowed every proper mark of regard upon his new friend, and insisted on his becoming his guest in his father's house, whither they both retired. The next day the lover set out for a neighbouring village, where Sophia Randell was staying, to communicate the news to her. Having done his best to prepare her for the interview, he accompanied her to his father's house. Here she was introduced to one whom she supposed to be her long-lost brother. The scene was affecting, for the young man wept, and declared he fully repented of the past, while the young woman—being completely deceived by the appearance and manner of the youth—was so much agitated that she swooned. When she had sufficiently recovered, she wrote to her brother Geoffrey, and the contents of that letter will show the clever use the deceiver made of the facts he had caught up in conversation from Holloway and Sophia Randell concerning the individual he pretended to be. The epistle is dated Hurst, April 19, 1836. 'You will scarcely believe, when you see the contents of my letter, that our dear and long-lost brother was lost and is found, dead and is alive again. My dear father and mother, I beg you will all make yourselves happy now, for he has been doing very well ever since he left home. His first start was to London, and there he en-

gaged himself to a butcher, where he continued nearly twelve months, and for a long time he has been with a horse-dealer. He has been something of everything, and he just got into a good place with a travelling family, but unfortunately was put into a damp bed, by which he took a violent cold, and was obliged to leave his service, as the family were going to France; and as the Almighty had so ordered it, they happened to be staying at Hurst when he was taken ill, but thank God he was taken good care of. His master paid him a month's wages and his doctor's bill, and provided him with everything he wanted. I think they behaved very well to him indeed. We have no one to thank for finding him but the blacksmith, whom I have sometimes before mentioned in my letters. I have always told you I had found a father and mother at Hurst, and now you have all every reason to join with me in your prayers for them, as they have now acted as a father and mother to our dear brother, as well as to me.' After detailing the circumstance of the accidental meeting of young Holloway and her supposed brother in the public-house, she proceeds:—'The first words poor John spoke to me was to ask for his dear father and mother, and then all of you. He sends his kindest love to you all. He is heartily sorry for what he has done, and begs you will all forgive him. He would have come home, but was obliged to go to London to meet a gentleman to whom he was hoping to be engaged as servant. I would tell you more, but my time now will not permit. I am sure you will all make yourselves happy now: and now, dear brother, pray let this letter go home as soon as possible, and write to me as soon as you can, as John is very anxious to hear from you all, and to know what is said about his being found, as I shall write to him in London. He has faithfully promised to write to me every two or three months, which will be a great comfort to us all. I cannot write more now, but will send all the particulars when I write again. Excuse my bad writing, as my hand shakes with joy. I am happy to say John has got comfortable lodgings in London, which he has made his home ever since he left me.—From your overjoyed sister, SOPHIA RANDELL.'

It was not true that the false John Randell had departed for London. He had induced the young woman to say so on some plausible plea, but in reality to avoid meeting Geoffrey at too early a stage of his deception, lest he should at once be discovered; for he had good reason to suppose that the elder Randell would have posted off to Hurst immediately to meet his lost brother. His great object now was to find out what relations he should lay claim to, and other circumstances connected with the family. This he managed to do, first, by conversations with Sophia and Holloway, and next by going to the post-office (at Twyford) and obtaining possession of the answers to her letter. These he opened, read, re-sealed, and delivered, owning laughingly to what he had done, and saying he was anxious to know the feelings of his family towards him. He remained several days at Hurst, hospitably entertained, Sophia and Mrs Holloway (the young blacksmith's mother) providing him at their joint expense with several new shirts and other articles of clothing. Hearing, however, that Geoffrey Randell was really on his way to meet him, the impostor set off to London; and not the least singular circumstance in this little romance is, that Geoffrey Randell arrived only one hour after he had taken his departure. Having learnt every particular from his sister, Randell proceeded to the metropolis, but only ascertained that his supposed brother bore a very bad character. In spite of every exertion, he did not meet with the young man, and returned to Cirencester without accomplishing the object of his journey.

Nearly two years elapsed, and nothing more was heard of the pretended John Randell; but on the 30th of December 1837 a letter was sent to Sophia, scrawled on three dirty pieces of paper. It was penned in Northampton jail, where the writer was confined under sentence of seven years' transportation. The Northampton

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Herald, of December 30, 1837, contained the following under the Northampton Borough Sessions' Report:—'John Bryan [an alias adopted by the impostor] pleaded guilty to the charge of stealing a watch, value twelve shillings, and a pair of boots, from a room at the Cross-Keys Inn, the property of the ostler. The prisoner had also been previously convicted for stealing several articles of wearing apparel from a stable at Leamington—seven years' transportation.' The epistle ran thus:—'John Randell to my sister Sophia—Little did I think of writing such a letter to you as this, dear sister; I hope it will find you, father and mother, brothers and sisters, and all my friends well, as it leaves me as comfortable as you can expect. Dear sister, I was taken on the second of October, and have been laying here in great distress ever since. Dear sister, this is the third time I have wrote to you, and received no answer. Dear sister, I hope you and my brothers will be friends to me at this time, as I am in great distress, and am sorry that, through my bad conduct, I am transported for seven years. Dear sister, I should be happy to see my brother Jeffery, but they will not admit any one to see me. Dear sister, I hope you and my brother will take it into consideration, and I hope you will not fret yourselves more than you can help. Dear brother and sister, I hope you will forgive me for all that is past, and be a friend to me in this distressing case; and I hope you will send me some money, and ask my brother Jeffery if he has got a greatcoat to send me whilst I am here, and when I leave I will write to you again. Dear sister, I hope you will return me an answer as soon as possible, and grant the favours which I ask you for. Dear sister, I hope you will excuse this writing, as it is unknown to our Governor; we are obliged to make what shift we can. Dear sister, direct your letters to me for John Brion, County Gaol, Northampton, as I did not like to make use of my own name. Remember me to all inquiring friends: so I remain yours, John Randell; and though I have been absent in body, I have always been present in mind. Dear sister, do not make use of my name in your letter, as there is no one who knows it in this place. Be careful what you write in your letter, as the governor reads all letters that come in. I hope you will return me an answer as soon as possible. I am in want of a little money.' This letter was enclosed to Geoffrey; and he wrote to the convict, who, in his reply (evidently the composition of a more skilled hand than the former scrawl), said, amongst other things, 'A combination of unfortunate circumstances has led me rapidly into that career of misconduct which now places me in the greatest wretchedness. Had I the good fortune to have met you in Berks, I should not be as I am now; I was not then tainted with the propensities to crime which have brought me to this deplorable condition. After I arrived in London, the gentleman I was with in Berks behaved very kind to me, and wished me to return to my friends at Cirencester. After I stated my case to him, he even offered to pay my coach hire to Cirencester; but having left you, my dear brother, under such unpleasant circumstances, I could not be prevailed upon to return. If you send me a greatcoat, you can make a parcel of it, and also a neck handkerchief, with a pair of worsted stockings, and a trifle of money, if you can, as I am utterly destitute. You can make them in a parcel, and take them to the coach-office, where you can book them for Northampton, and direct to John Randell, County Gaol, Northampton. So, dear brother, with the deepest contrition and sorrow for the trouble I give you, believe me, your ever affectionate, but unfortunate, brother,

JOHN RANDELL.

'Give my love to my father, mother, brothers and sisters, my uncles and aunts, and all inquiring friends.' Upon the receipt of this, Geoffrey sent a greatcoat, with several other articles of clothing, some useful books, two pounds ten shillings in money, and 'some apples from Chedworth, from a tree my brother himself had planted when a boy.' Shortly afterwards, the convict was removed to Portsmouth, and put on board the Leviathan

hulk, and Geoffrey Randell determined to go and see him for the first time. We give an account of this interview in the author's own words:—'My brother had now been absent nearly seven years; therefore, going now as I did, under the full conviction that I was about to see him in the person of this convict, it may cease to be a matter of wonder that I should not discover the fraud, for what difference of features I beheld, I concluded they were now become fixed. My feelings certainly were highly excited to behold a relative in so degraded a position. One manœuvre I resorted to, in order to see if he remembered me; I stood and gazed intently at him without uttering a word, and when he spoke to me, his first words were, "Well, Geoffrey." Thus was I satisfied so far that I was not deceived. This was to me a most painful meeting; and when I took my departure, he sprang forward on the deck, and embraced me with the utmost seeming affection, and as I left the ship in a boat, he put his hand through the grating of a window, and waving it after me, bade me a parting adieu. I left him now thirty shillings, and various articles.'

Indeed, during the whole time the convict was at Portsmouth, he levied heavy contributions on the kind-hearted Geoffrey; and not only on him, but on Elizabeth Randell, who happened to be settled at Gosport, and who visited the impostor as often as was permitted by the authorities. She gave him several sums, besides allowing him, for two years, a shilling a-week to enable him to procure white bread, a luxury not included in the ordinary rations. Neither did the misplaced affection of these worthy people end here. Geoffrey, on returning home, addressed a letter to the secretary of state for the home department (Lord John Russell), praying for a mitigation of his imaginary brother's sentence. To this application it was answered by his lordship's secretary (May 16, 1838), that his lordship, on carefully considering the case, regretted 'there was no sufficient ground to justify him, consistently with his public duty, in advising her majesty to comply with the prayer thereof.' But the ardent wishes of Geoffrey Randell were not to be daunted by a first repulse. Since his conviction, the prisoner had addressed several letters to him, many of which contained—amidst arduous solicitations for money—passages of apparent contrition. Geoffrey copied and embodied them in a second petition for a remission of the sentence; but in vain. A third application by G. Randell personally at the home office in September 1839 met with a more favourable reply. He was told that, if his supposed brother conducted himself as well as he had done hitherto, he would be restored to liberty in four years instead of seven. Early in January 1840 the convict was removed to Plymouth, there to serve for the remainder of his shortened term. During all this time constant applications for money were made, and granted.

In July 1841 G. Randell received a letter from the impostor, filled with the most ardent expressions of attachment, and communicating the pleasing intelligence that the writer was restored to liberty, but asking as usual for more cash. On the day after its receipt, Sophia and Elizabeth Randell sent for Geoffrey's perusal letters they had received, containing exactly the same words as that addressed to him. This looked like an endeavour to extract sums of money from each of the family without the other's knowledge. The kind-hearted Geoffrey, after first refusing, eventually sent ten shillings, with directions how to travel from Plymouth to Cirencester. The day came when Randell hoped to receive into his home a reformed, repentant brother. All the anxiety and expense he had suffered was to be repaid by the presence of the lost relation; but a new and bitter disappointment was in store. A letter came to Geoffrey Randell at the moment he was expecting his brother, dated Plymouth Jail. The impostor had again 'got into trouble,' and wanted five pounds for his defence on his trial. He had only been liberated sixteen days when he stole a check for fifty pounds from the master of a ship. For

this robbery he was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. Nor did his crimes end here, for almost immediately after his condemnation he made his escape from prison, having first knocked down and robbed his jailer. A week after, the ruffian was retaken at Liskeard in Cornwall, brought back to Plymouth, finally tried for the new offence at the Exeter assizes, and sentenced to transportation for life. Despite all this, he had the hardihood still to send letters to Geoffrey Randell, containing solicitations for money; 'but,' says the latter, 'I never sent him any more. I have likewise destroyed the letters, for the sight of them brought continually to my mind feelings of the deepest remorse and regret, to think I had such a worthless relative; and, in fact, from that time, July 1841, until February 25, 1843, I scarcely ever enjoyed an hour's happiness; for his fate, of which I never had the slightest doubt, haunted me night and day.' Thus, more than a year and a half after the impostor had been sent out of the country, the Randell family continued to believe that he was their brother.

It is now necessary to relate the accident by which the delusion these worthy people had laboured under for five years was cleared up:—One day towards the close of 1842, two young men, who had known John Randell in their boyish days, were walking through a street in Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, when one of them seeing a person at a distance, declared him to be John Randell. He knew him, he said, by his walk, which was very like that of old Mr Randell. His companion, on closer inspection of the individual pointed out, at once exclaimed, 'Yes, that is John Randell!' They afterwards made themselves known; and Randell invited them home, where he introduced them to his wife. Upon this Mrs John Randell wrote to her husband's father, and the letter having been sent to Geoffrey, he lost no time in answering it, 'asking,' to use his own words, 'many questions of a family nature, which I knew a stranger could not answer; for I could not possibly believe that it could have come from my brother, whom I considered to have been banished for ever. To this letter I received a most satisfactory reply. My next step was to write to propose a meeting, either for me to go to Wolverhampton, or my brother to come home. To the latter he acceded.' The brothers met on the 25th of February 1843. 'I confess,' Geoffrey continues, 'I could not satisfy myself that it was my brother until I had conversed with him on several topics; so completely was my imagination beclouded with the thought that he was dragging out, in a far distant clime, a miserable existence in hopeless captivity. It was to me and all my friends, when fully persuaded of my brother's identity, a source of unfeigned joy, and, I trust, of gratitude to a merciful God, to learn that he had not only never been in disgrace, or placed in unpleasant circumstances during his absence, but had both been steady in his conduct and fortunate in his situation of life.' After leaving Sir W. B. Guise's in April 1831, John had supported himself creditably: for seven years he had continued in one service near Wolverhampton, had saved between one and two hundred pounds, and was in a creditable situation when he visited his native home in 1843.

It would seem surprising that John Randell had not once communicated with his friends during the twelve years of his absence. In answer to a remark to this effect made by Geoffrey, he replied, 'that it was what he had long earnestly desired; but he felt ashamed to come, as he had remained so long without communicating with his friends.' The feelings of the whole family must have been intensely gratifying, first at having found a long-lost son and brother, and next at finding him to be a respectable member of society, instead of such a wretch as the impostor who had been mistaken for him. 'I have been repeatedly asked,' says Geoffrey Randell, in concluding his narrative, 'who was this man?' which question I am utterly unable to answer,

as I have not the remotest idea who he is, or from whence he came.'

Every one will be struck with the well-intentioned benevolence of each of the individuals imposed on by the false brother. Geoffrey never ceased to succour and assist him till his bad conduct would have rendered it a crime to do so any longer. We cannot help pointing out that little trait of feeling (which would have softened any heart but that of an utterly irreclaimable villain) which Geoffrey evinced in sending with the first parcel of clothes and money 'some apples from Chedworth, from a tree my brother himself had planted when a boy.' In another place this kind-hearted person, so far from regretting the losses he had sustained, says of the fellow who had duped him—'What I did for his comfort I regret not in the least; for the sacrifice of that is now much more than counterbalanced, in having discovered that my brother is not the outcast and degraded character I had considered him to be.' The ready help rendered by Sophia (now Mrs Holloway) at the beginning of the imposture; the additional comfort supplied by Elizabeth at the hulks—all show this to be an extremely benevolent and excellent family. These considerations render the little story of real life as affecting as it is singular.

PREFACES AND ADDRESSES.

THE origin of prefaces involves a pleasant bit of antiquity. Nares, in his excellent *Glossary*, says that *proface* was long a 'familiar exclamation of welcome at a dinner or other meal, equivalent to "much good may it do you;"' from what language derived, was long uncertain; but he gives etymological evidence that 'we had it from the Norman romance language.' In a quaint old letter, we read—

'Thus, *proface* ye with the *proface*.'

In Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* we have—

'Sweet sir, sit—most sweet sir, sit—*proface*.'

and in one of Heywood's epigrams—

'Reader, read this; thus, for *proface*, *proface*,
Much good may it do you!'

This old hospitable welcome of *proface* is forgotten at our feasting, but is still found at the threshold of books, inviting us to a banquet for the mind. Prefaces would soon be out of fashion, however, if authors and editors could be convinced of the truth of the old proverb, that 'good wine needs no bush,' and that no apology nor recommendation of theirs can give character to the dishes they have prepared, unless these possess the merit of pleasing the taste and gratifying the appetite. Many authors find it exceedingly difficult to write a good preface to their own books; while some few have been celebrated for their skill in this species of composition. Dr Johnson wrote the preface to Dodsley's *Proceptor*, and to various other works.

The prefaces of old books are remarkably quaint and amusing, and generally written in an off-hand careless style. An ancient almanac in the Harleian Collection has the following preface:—'*To all who buy Almanacks.* Gentlemen; a good New-year to ye: and I believe you wish the like to us too, for that is best manners; but this is not all I have to say to ye. Do you think these sheets were printed for nothing? No: the bookseller swears that if he thought you would not have bought um, he would never have published um: and he swears further, that if you dont buy um now, he will never print um again. Thus, you see, 'tis in your power either to vex or please him. Do which you will, and so farewell.' Geoffrey Whitney, in offering his delightful *Embleme* (1586), says, 'Trusting that my good-will shall be waiged as well as the work, and that a perle shall not be looked for in a poor man's purse, I submit my doings herein to your censures.' In a poetical address, signed S. G., prefixed to William Stokes's *Vaulting-Master* (1632), horse exercise is thus recommended:—

'This to your weakened limbs will strength restore,
Making that brawne that was but veal before.'

A scarce work, entitled *Theorematia Theologica*, or Theological Treatises, by Robert Vilvain of Excester (1654), has these two lines by way of preface:—

'If critics saught in reading shall offend,
Know that I nought but weighty things intend.'

John Bunyan, in the poetical preface to the second part of his *Pilgrim's Progress*, says—

'Now may this little book a blessing be
To those that love this little book and me;
And may its buyer have no cause to say
His money is but lost or thrown away.'

The first edition of that excellent work, *Puckle's Club*, in a *Dialogue between Father and Son*, has the following verses appended to it:—

'Go, little book, and show the fool his face,
The knave his picture, and the sot his case;
Tell to each youth what is, and what's not fit,
And teach to such as want, sobriety and wit.'

Archbishop Parker's version of the *Psalms* is introduced by a preface consisting of fifty verses of rhyme, only a short specimen of which we need quote:—

'Herein because: all men's delight,
Bene diverse found in mind:
I turned the Psalms: all whole in sight,
In rhythms of divers kind.
And where at first: I secret meant,
But them myself to sing:
Yet friends' requests: made me relent,
Thus them abroad to bring.
Us song should move: as spirit thereby,
Might tunes in concord sing:
God grant these psalms: may edifie,
That is the chiefest thing.'

John Marston's *Metamorphoses of Pigmalion's Image*, and *Certain Satyres* (1598), has this curious address:—'To the world's mightie monarch, GOOD OPINION, sole regent of affection, perpetual ruler of judgment, most famous justice of censures, only giver of honour, great procurer of advancement, the world's chiefe ballance, the all of all, and all in all, by whom all things are that they are—I humbly offer this MY POEM:—

Thou sole of pleasure, honour's only substance,
Great arbitrator, umpire of the earth,
Whom fleshy epicures call vertue's essence—
Thou moving orator, whose powerful breath
Swaves all men's judgments, GREAT OPINION!
Vouchsafe to guild my imperfection," &c.

Some works contain addresses not to the public, but to the bookseller. In Gent's *Poetic Sketches* (1808) is the following:—

'Thy spirit, groaning like th' encumbered block
Which bears my works, deplores them as dead stock.
Take up the volumes, every care dismiss,
And smile, gruff Gorgon, while I tell thee this
Not one shall lie neglected on the shelf;
All shall be sold—I'll buy them in myself.'

A rare and witty little book, entitled *The House of Correction, or certain Satyricall Epigrams*, written by J. H., together with a few chapters, called *Par Pari*, or like to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier (1619), consoles the bookseller in these words:—

'Nay, fear not, bookseller; this book will sell;
For be it good, as thou know'st at very well,
All will goe buy it: but say it be ill,
All will goe buy it too; thus thou sell'st still.'

Robert Heath's scarce little book of *Epigrams* (1650) has this admonitory address:—

'TO MY BOOKSELLER.
I've common made my book, 'tis very true;
But I'd not have thee prostitute it too;
Nor show it barefaced on the open stall
To tempt the buyer: nor post it on each wall
And corner post, close underneath the play
That must be acted at Blackfriars that day:
Nor see some herring-crier for a groat,
To voice it up and down with tearing throat:
Nor bid thy 'prentice read it and admire,
That all I the shop may what he reads inquire:
No: proffered wares do smell. I'd have thee know
Pride scorns to beg—modestie fears to wooe.'

From this curious extract we learn that, nearly two centuries ago, the announcements of new works were stuck up or placarded under the playbills of the time.

THE SNOWDROP, DAISY, AND DANDELION.

In a recently published address on the value of Natural History as a branch of education, Mr R. Patterson of Belfast thus alludes to the above flowers: 'Let us examine some of our common flowers—let us take, for instance, the one which is the firstling of the year—the snowdrop. Its

drooping head and its snowy blossom make it seem peculiarly delicate and fragile—

"Coldly pure and pale,
Like weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale,"

It comes forth amid the storms of winter, and yet looks as if the first breath of the rising gale would destroy it for ever. But this is not the fact: its apparent weakness constitutes, in reality, its strength; from its seeming fragility arises its power of resistance. The head droops, the three outer leaves of the blossom, to use the ordinary and popular terms, overhang the other portion of the flower, and, like a penthouse, fling off every drop of rain. The stalk, by which the blossom is attached to the stem, is so extremely slight, that it does not impede its turning with every change of wind. From whatever point, therefore, the gale blows, the flower presents its back to the blast, and, thus protected alike from wind and rain, it lives unhurt in the midst of all the inclemencies of winter.

'But the snowdrop is here known only as a garden-flower. Let us turn to some of those which are everywhere common. Let us, for example, take the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" which spangles our meads and pastures. Many are the poets who have paid to it their homage; none more gracefully than Montgomery:—

"'Tis Flora's page; in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer's reign,
The daisy never dies."

Those who have all their lives been looking at this flower, but who have never examined it with the discriminating eye of the botanist, may perhaps be surprised to hear that it is not the simple thing for which they take it; that it is not, in fact, one flower, but a numerous assemblage of flowers growing together, and enclosed in one common flower-cup or calyx. Every one of the minute roundish yellow parts which form the centre of the daisy is, to all intents and purposes, a distinct flower, and produces its own distinct and separate seed. Every one of the flat, white, "crimson-tipped" portions, which give to the daisy its star-like aspect, is also a distinct flower. Is not this fact strange in itself? But more strange are the beneficent contrivances by which the safety of this humble plant is secured. Its white rays fold closely over the yellow disc at night, and also during rain, and thus serve as a protection to the precious pollen, on which the fertilisation of the plant depends. This is in itself a beautiful provision for plants which grow in humid and uncertain climates. When once the important object for which this precaution is needful has been attained, the petals lose sensitiveness, and close no longer. A new provision now comes into operation. The seeds are formed; but that they may not be endangered during the process of ripening, the calyx or flower-cup contracts, shields them from the weather until they are fully matured, then expands, and, bending downwards on the stalk, facilitates their escape.

'Let us take up another common flower—let us take one which is common everywhere, even by our dusty waysides—the despised dandelion. It resembles the daisy in being an assemblage of distinct florets, and in the precautions, different, but not less effectual, for the safety of the unripened seeds. But when the seeds are ripe, we behold a singular and beautiful apparatus employed for their dispersion—a winged appendage has been supplied to each. From every seed springs a stalk or shaft, surmounted by a star of down of the most delicate texture: a breath, as every child knows, is sufficient for their dispersion; and, carried along by the winds of heaven, the seed is scattered abroad over the earth.

'If, by the communication of these and similar facts, which each can verify for himself, we can bring the young to look with admiration not only on the beauty of flowers, but on the skill and wisdom manifested in their structure, we enable them more justly to appreciate the passage, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow," and so far we aid in the elucidation of a text of Scripture.'

CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND.

Concerning the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face for actions for which others

are ridiculing or censuring you behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defence when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention, in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortune and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk in life in which you cannot appear with the same distinction, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and, instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connexion, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy abode, listen with attention to your 'tale of symptoms,' and minister the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned? The man who will not do all this may be your companion—your flatterer—your seducer; but depend upon it he is not your friend.—*Engfeld.*

CLEANLINESS.

Cleanliness may be defined to be the emblem of purity of mind, and may be recommended under the three following heads: as it is a mark of politeness, as it produces affection, and as it bears analogy to chastity of sentiment. *First*, it is a mark of politeness, for it is universally agreed upon that no one unadorned with this virtue can go into company without giving a manifold offence. The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness as by their arts and sciences; the more they are advanced in civilisation, the more they consult this part of politeness. *Secondly*, cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of affection. Beauty commonly produces love, but cleanliness preserves it. Age, itself, is not unamiable while it is preserved clean and unsullied; like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel cumbered with rust. I might further observe, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent preservative of health, and that several vices both of mind and body are inconsistent with the habit of it. In the *third* place, it bears a great analogy with chastity of sentiment, and naturally inspires refined feelings and passions. We find from experience that through the prevalence of custom the most vicious actions lose their horror by being made familiar to us, while, on the contrary, those who live in the neighbourhood of good examples fly from the first appearance of what is shocking; and thus pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind by these objects that perpetually encompass us when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.—*Addison.*

A BACHELOR BLACKBIRD.

The following curious anecdote is related by Mr Sanl of Portgreen Cottage, near Gurstang, in a late number of the *Zoologist*:—'Last year a male blackbird resided in my orchard, and, as it appeared, failed in finding a mate. As early as February he began building a nest under some long leaves by the side of a fenny place, having first scratched away a little earth in order to make a level site for the nest. When the nest was finished, it was completely concealed from the sight, and protected from rain, by the long leaves bending over it; so close was one of the leaves, that the bird had to lift it up every time he went in or out, a feat I frequently watched him perform. About two weeks after this nest was completely finished, the same bird built a second in another part of the orchard; and in this second nest I often saw him sitting later in the season. When the leaves were on the trees, he built a third nest in a thorn-bush. During the time he was engaged in these three nests he would continually perch in one of the highest trees in the orchard, and send forth his rich and melodious song, as if to invite a partner to join in his family cares, but always without success.' And served him right too, for his atrocious disregard of the rules of politeness and gallantry. What would society think of the ladies were they so facile as to be wheedled into copartnery in this style—tempting as the mansion might be to which

they were invited—without the proper attentions, anxieties, jealousies, protestations, and so forth, which make up the sum-total of legitimate courtship?

RECREATION.

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow and his steed starve; as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting—labouring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work go forward, when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted that it may cut; and so cuts, that it may have the help of sharpening.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE PASSING RAILWAY TRAIN.

POESY is creation; whose planned
Railways—the mighty veins and arteries,
And telegraphic wires, the nerves of nations,
And fiery engines rushing o'er the land
Swifter than flight, or ploughing through the seas
'Gainst wind, and tide, and elemental strife;
Promethean spirits conquering time and space,
And quickening all the pulses of their race
Throughout one vast organic globe of life,
Made rich by them with wonderful creations,
Such as the opiate fancy never dreamed,
Even in Araby—poets should be deemed,
If any should; for poetry is 'making'
As well as writing—to be seen no less than said.

Lo! here is poetry—the Railway Train!
First the shrill whistle, then the distant roar,
The ascending cloud of steam, the gleaming brass,
The mighty moving arm; and on again
The mass comes thundering like an avalanche o'er
The quaking earth; a thousand faces pass—
A moment, and are gone like whirlwind sprites,
Scarce seen; so much the roaring speed begets
All sense and recognition for a while;
A little space, a minute, and a mile.
Then look again, how swift it journeys on—
Away, away, along the horizon
Like drifted cloud, to its determined place;
Power, speed, and distance, melting into space.

Manchester, 24th July.

H. R.

MENTAL ENJOYMENT.

If I am regardless of sensual comforts and pleasures, if I am not greedy of dainties, if I sleep little, &c. the reason is, because I spend my time more delightfully in things whose pleasure ends not in the moment of enjoyment, and that also make me hope for an everlasting reward. Besides, thou knowest that when a man sees that his affairs go ill, he is not generally very gay; and that, on the contrary, they who think to succeed in their designs, whether in agriculture, traffic, or any other undertaking, are very contented in their minds. Now, dost thou believe that from anything whatsoever there can proceed a satisfaction like that of believing that we improve daily in virtue?—*Socrates.*

FALSE HUMILITY.

It is a false and indolent humility which makes people sit still and do nothing, because they will not believe they are capable of doing much, for everybody can do something. Everybody can set a good example, be it to many or to few; everybody can in some degree encourage virtue and religion, and discountenance vice and folly; everybody has some one whom they can advise and instruct, or in some way help to guide through life.—*Miss Talbot.*

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